The Slate

ISSUE 27 OCTOBER 2003 FREE

LAST ISSUE EVER

SPECIAL SOUVENIR EDITION

THROW IT AWAY AS SOON AS YOU'VE READ IT

INSIDE: NO BORING LISTINGS - JUST

kick the cat

gav beattie

Wednesday 13

(348-18)

gavbeattie@bigilpublications.com

Issue No. 27 October 2003

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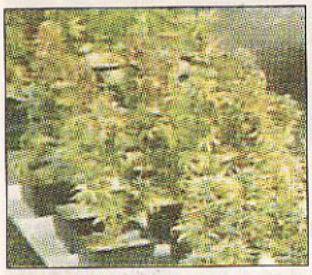

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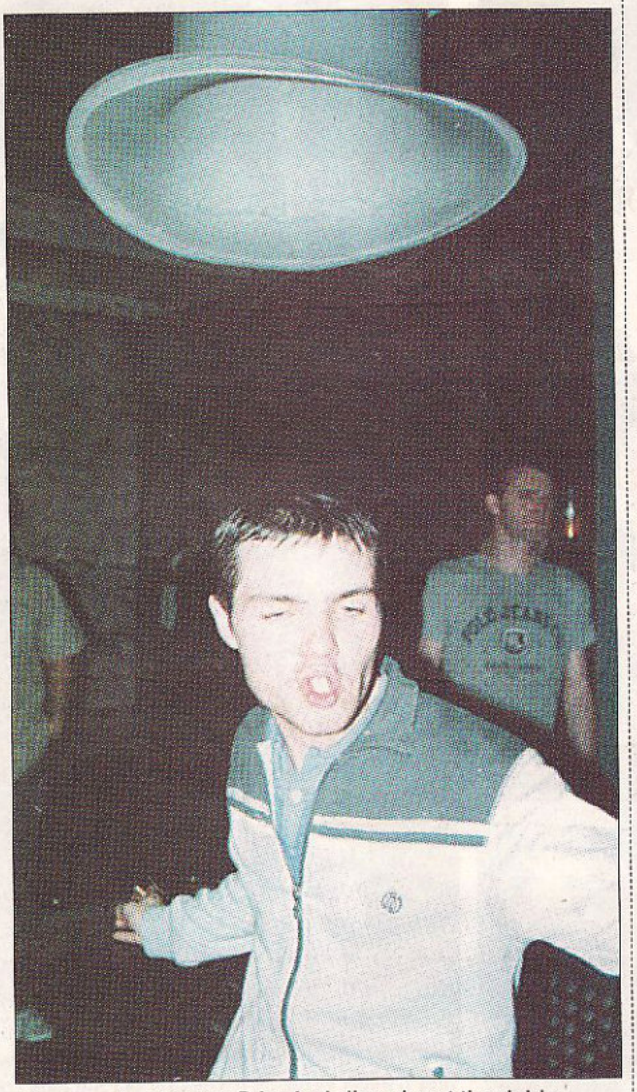


After months of trying, Brian had slipped past the club's bouncers. Then the 'geek hoover' appeared

Farewell oh friends

AFTER ALMOST three years at the helm of the Irish media industry, the moguls behind The Slate have decided that it's time to call it a day. Although now more popular than ever with young, brand-aware, consumer orientated Dubliners (according to the rubbish we tell advertisers at any rate) it seems that now is as good a time as any to bail the fuck out.

We reckon it's better to quit while we have legions of adoring fans rather than in five years time when the magazine is full of guff about our friends and advertisers and has become less popular than Liam Lawlor.

So thanks to anybody who enjoyed The Slate, and a special go raibh mile maith agaibh to those who were too stupid to understand our genius. Anybody who's interested in keeping abreast of what we are doing next should send an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject header.

The Slate emergency line has already been set up - just call 602 8202 where there will be expert grief counsellors at the ready to handle your distress.

PUBLISHED BY THE VATICAN CITY. DISTRIBUTED BY STEPHEN ROCHE. COVER BY GAVIN BEATTIE.

new music

10
SR

Doves
Lost Sides

Erin McKeon
Grand

10% OFF
All these titles with your HMV student card

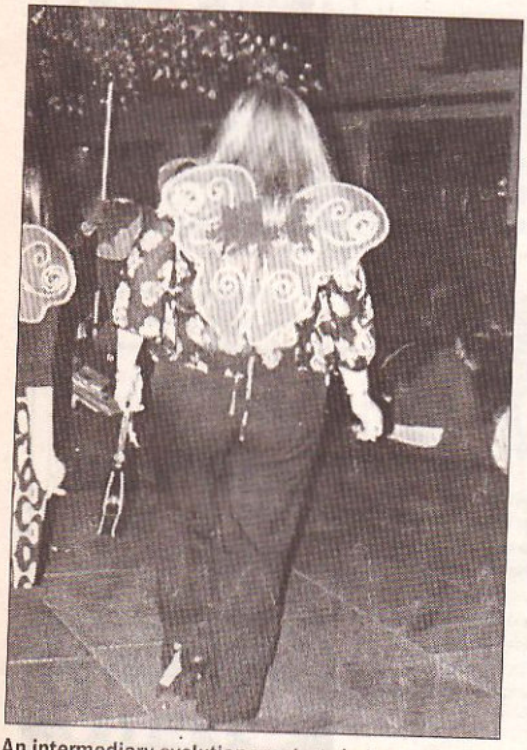
Ask instore for details

HMV
top dog for music dvd games

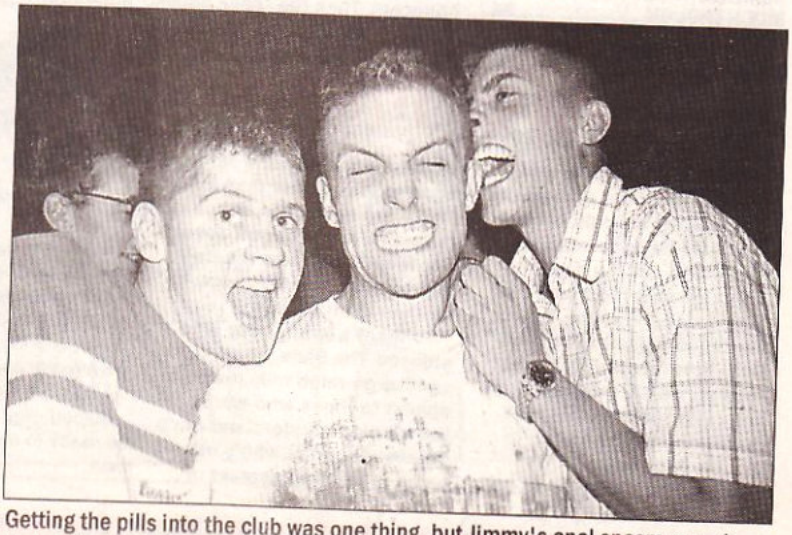
They'd been coming here since the 70s but Imelda's arse was still off limits

When Hugh Hefner died he quickly realised that God had not judged him favourably

They'd never agree on Heidegger but the girls could still have a good night out



An intermediary evolutionary stage between the flamingo and the elephant.



Getting the pills into the club was one thing, but Jimmy's anal spasm meant that retrieving them proved difficult.

SHORT NEWS

COLONIAL CANINES TOO COOL FOR CATS

NOW THAT The Slate is taking leave of drab Dublin, it's back to the dark old days of trying to decipher the Event Guide and reading inferior imported publications in the newsagent before being thrown out by some security gorilla.

Or is it? News has reached us that a bunch of upper-class Trinity graduates from England are setting up a hip magazine for Dublin - entitled Mongrel - which will generously instruct us potato-eating peasants in the ways of cool.

MONGREL

These rich little planter cunts have spotted the glaring need in Dublin for a colonial publication with pretentious design and 'edgy' content, and will aim their rag at yuppy ponces who think that there aren't enough juice bars and VIP lounges in the city.

It is to be distributed free in the trendy quarter of the city (i.e. around the bottom of Georges St) and should be out by the time you read this.

JOIN THE GARDAI ...

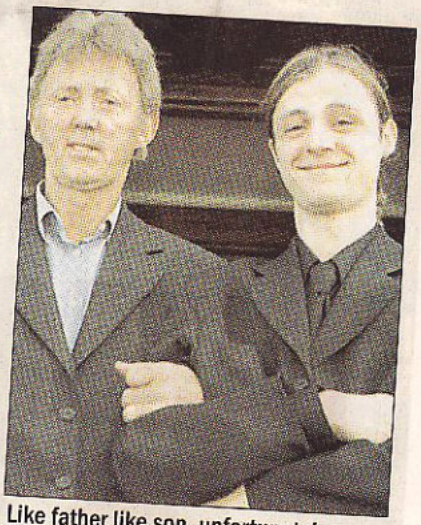
...and within 6 months we will have turned you into a lithe law enforcer like Timmy Joe here - photographed patrolling this year's Witnness festival like a cheetah on the plains of Africa. Do your duty and become a Garda hero now, or the country will be soon be overrun by drug dealers and immigrants.

Richie Rocks the Showbiz World

Former Boyzone member to play dad Dickie in some miserable musical

DUBLIN TECHNO DJ Richie Rock has turned his back on the underground dance music scene and is set to star in a musical. Rockin' Richie has always had an eye for the big time and nearly made it once, but he got kicked out of Boyzone and busted by the cops for letting dealers drive large amounts of heroin around Dublin in his car.

Now the bad boy southsider is getting another chance to turn good - by playing his dad Dickie in some touring atrocity called Dance Hall Qs and Hucklebuck Shoes. Dickie Rock was the hero of Ireland's showband era, a bleak period when there were no more than seven record players in the country and everyone was forced to listen to live singing from cheesy men in confirmation suits.



Like father like son, unfortunately

HELP STICK IT TO TICKETMASTER

Miracle required as puny website declares war on Ireland's greediest bastards

A NEW initiative has been launched to combat Ticketmaster, the fantastic company who pride themselves on fleecing anyone who likes going to gigs or sporting events in this country. Ticeidi.com is the "brainchild of one very annoyed citizen of Ireland who is fed up paying exorbitant prices for 'handling charges' on concert tickets, sports events tickets, etc." They are running a petition to bring Ticketmaster to task on their near monopoly and hope that, at some stage, their site will "provide an alternative to the major ticket agent."

An excellent idea, which will no doubt soon be squashed by the cigar-smoking monkeys who spend all day stuffing cash down their trousers at Ticketmaster HQ.

Tommy Higgins (left) being arrested for possession of the most overpriced tickets in the history of music.

One of these generous chaps - MD Tommy Higgins (above) - went on Pat Kenny's radio show last month trying to explain how Ticketmaster are in fact robbing from the rich to give to the poor, or some similar nonsense. Plank put it to this Higgins chancer that it's unfair that people have to pay a booking fee for every ticket they buy - as opposed to every transaction they make - seeing as the same amount of work is involved no matter how many tickets are being purchased.

The Ticketmaster man got so confused trying to make up an excuse for this he nearly choked to death live on air. Unfortunately Higgins survived and, seeing as there is almost nobody else to buy tickets from in Ireland, presumably didn't give a fuck that he sounded less convincing than a Shamrock Rovers fan trying to get into Renards. Our advice is, sign the petition on www.ticeidi.com and make Ticketmaster work for their money by buying your tickets one at a time.

BACKSLAP SPECTACULAR: THE SLATE IN THE MEDIA:

FIGHTING THE F

Watchful Slate readers will be aware that Dublin's No. 1 underground publication has had numerous run-ins with mainstream media morons. However, for those who weren't with us during the Thompson & Venables row with the Sun, or the Blacks In The Jacks dispute with pretty much every asshole in the city, here's a quick recap of some of the disagreements we've found ourselves in over the past few years.

No. 1: Thompson & Venables - July 01

MOST PEOPLE will remember how numerous low-rent tabloids became incensed when child killers Robert Thompson and Jon Venables were due for release having served eight years for bumping off Jamie Bulger. Bulger's mother, an unstable bitch called Denise Fergus, was appointed judge in relation to the issue of their release by the tabloids, who wheeled her out for an incendiary quote any time it looked like a rational atmosphere was going to break out.

The redtops kept whipping up a great old storm and eventually threatened to print the two lads' new names and whereabouts once they got out, thus allowing their ignorant hooligan readers to wreak vigilante havoc the length and breadth of England. In light of this prospect The Slate ran with a cover which 'revealed' the whereabouts of Thompson and Venables. Readers were exclusively informed that the duo would front a new Louis Walsh boy band and were receiving dancing lessons from the Billy Barry kids.

Not everybody saw this as the brilliant piece of satirical genius it blatantly was, and to our great surprise, The Paddy Sun had us on the front cover of their rag declaiming the piece as 'sick'. Allegedly poor Louis Walsh was very upset - he probably hadn't even heard of The Slate, let alone seen the piece - and Keith Duffy, who is so stupid he should be locked up, actually apologised to Jamie Bulger's parents on behalf of Boyzone. It got even better when some dickhead from the Billy Barry kids went on the Marian Finucane show and hysterically denied that either Thompson or Venables were joining the Billy Barry kids. Honestly, that all actually happened.

No. 2: Blacks In The Jacks - February 02

This piece about black immigrants working in the toilets of trendy Dublin pubs provoked some profound idiocy from a great many mentally challenged liberals. For a number of years, it has been the done thing for swanky pubs around town to employ black people as toilet attendants. Most of the time, the job operates on a tips-only basis, so the toilet attendant relies for cash on the vain, mostly white clientele who swan in and out of the jacks, tossing a coin to their coloured brethren if the humour takes them.

Seeing as most journalists are too busy drunk driving and bribing the police to notice what is going in Dublin, it fell to this great publication to shine a light on this festering corner of Dublin society. Again we came through with an unerring piece of satire which delighted our growing legion of fans.

However, it was a slow day in the papers so The Star, The Sun and The Mirror - the latter noted for their crazy crusades against immigrants in Ireland - decided that The Slate was a mouthpiece for the KKK and the BNP rolled into one and pages of tabloid glory were ours once again.

"A student magazine's 'satirical' article about black people getting jobs in toilets was slammed as cruel and offensive yesterday," they blasted hypocritically.

However, it didn't stop there. An email hate-campaign was initiated by some dangerous fools which involved loads of people emailing us - most of whom had not seen what we had written - expressing their disapproval of our 'racist' article. Needless to say these whinging spotty fish-breathed cunts duly received indig-

OOLS & OFF

nant replies, but the harassment and free speech attacking continued.

Bundles of The Slate were dumped in bins, chicken shit spineless businesspeople refused to advertise with us any more and one particular long term enemy of the greatest magazine in the country approached all of our advertisers and demanded that they stop doing business with us.

As if all this wasn't enough, it was soon RTE's turn to prove that they could not understand basic irony. The Six O'Clock News ran a feature on racism in Ireland and, to show how bigoted literature was rampant on this poxy little island, they flashed the front cover of the Slate across the screen as though it was the very embodiment of violent redneckism.

We subsequently confirmed everyone's dim view of us by accidentally having a Black in the Jacks at our party in some shit now-deceased Harcourt St. nightclub.

No. 4: Let's Hear It For Paedos - Sept 02

This brought us to unprecedented levels of public popularity. Paedophilia is a subject that is regularly discussed in a rational and civilized manner by the mainstream media. If publicly identified as a lover of children, the best you can expect is probably to be totally ostracised by the rest of humanity and sent some dog shit in the post. But being the great champions of subjugated peoples everywhere, we outlined a couple of theories which argued that there might be a bit more to paedophilia than the unspeakable crime it is generally considered to be.

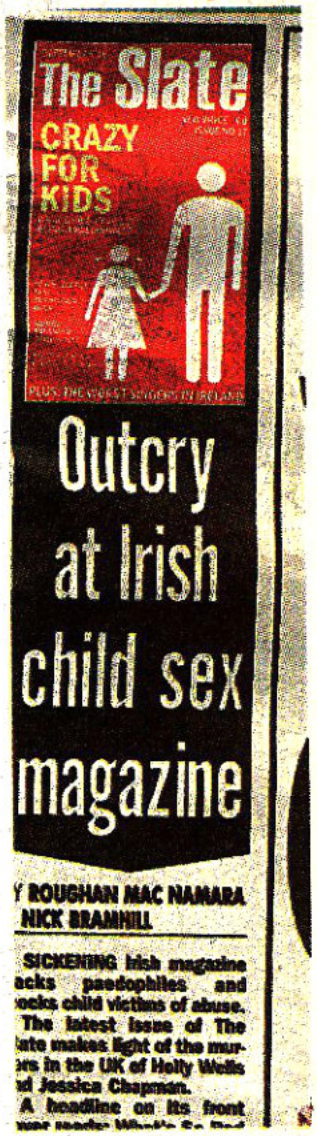
Imagine our delight when we heard that the maddest paper in England - the glorious News Of The World - was at hand to fight our case for us. These hypocritical, amoral fuckers were very anxious to ensure that the public at large got a balanced view of this piece, declaring that The Slate should be closed down and the people in charge should hang their heads in shame.

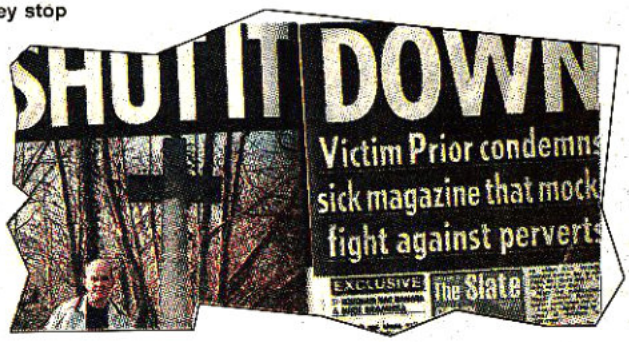
They even bothered to make up a load of letters from fictitious people giving out about us:

'SLATE magazine should be shut down immediately. Anything that tries to normalise paedophilia is totally wrong and any magazine praising paedophiles has to be sick.'

PHYLLIS LENNON, Templeogue, Dublin.

Some politicians who hadn't read the article were rung up by the NOTW and gave vague criticism of The Slate. "The articles seem to trivialise the subject of paedophilia," said Minister for Justice Michael McDowell, who was clearly busy trying to devise new strategies to bring Ireland above North Korea in the state oppression league table.





No. 3: Reclaim The Streets - May 02

This was a particular farce. Everybody remembers the Gardai going mad on telly and beating the shit out of people on Dame St on 6 May last year, but many people forget the slippery tricks that the Boys in Blue tried to pull in order to shift the blame onto somebody else. Perhaps the most unbelievable of these was trying to blame us - as in a joke magazine run by some middle class cunts - for provoking their behaviour.

At a Garda Representative Association conference immediately after the 'massacre', some prize pig got on the TV waving a photocopy of a clearly ludicrous Slate article which exhorted punters to "have a good riot". This, it was claimed had caused the Gardai to behave in the manner in which they did.

Mullah Mike Strikes Again

Fair Play to the Minister for Justice-we-were-about-to-have-some-fun

WHILE EVERYBODY was on their summer holidays and not paying any attention, sneaky Justice Minister Michael McDowell went and slipped through a disastrous raft of anti-drinking laws for Ireland.

No more happy hours, back to early closing on Thursdays, nobody allowed to be drunk anywhere - the country has gone to the dogs in the space of a couple of months. But the stupidest of all these new laws has to be McDowell's ban on music during drinking up time. It is here that he reveals his true character as a completely miserable bollox.

The Justice Minister claims that this new regime is intended to stop seven year olds becoming alcoholics and force the rest of us to drink in a responsible manner. But why does he care whether or not there is music on after closing time when you can't buy any more alcohol anyway?

Clearly all McDowell wants is to make sure everyone has as bad a time as possible when they aren't working to make money for his friends in big business. His excuse for this shameful piece of legislation was to ensure an "orderly clearing of premises." He has already had his Taliban way with the drink. Why is he still carping on about what time people stop enjoying themselves at?

Anyway, if this turnip-faced toff is going to ruin the weekend for normal sociable members of society, then it is only right and proper that we return the favour.

The Slate would like to invite all our readers to protest outside Minister McDowell's house every weekend night from now until the Government falls. He lives in Ranelagh. When you hit the triangle coming out of town, take a right and it's somewhere around there.

Miseryman plots his next dose of despair

We recommend that, next time you and your mates feel unhappy about being ejected from a bar, take a bag of cans back to this Pisspot's palace and have a drinking and singing session outside his gates.

Unfortunately, the paranoid PD despot has installed a hi-tech security system with red lights and cameras flashing all over the place. But our spies managed to get in and discover that there is a trampoline in the front garden he shares with his three neighbours. Sneak over the fencing and have a go while smoking a joint and chanting 'Fuck the dry-arse PDs' at the top of your voice.

Words of Wisdom

"I see a lot of similarities between Metallica and us. I've watched videos of them and they remind me of what we used to be like."

Kian as Mustard

Westlife's Kian Egan

Squad Car Surprise

IF YOU'RE stuck for a present for whichever one of your greedy, selfish mates has their birthday next, head down to the Heraldic Artists shop on Nassau St. While this place is usually the preserve of visiting yanks, southside housewives and other people who are of no use to society, its window currently houses a remarkable piece of merchandise: a limited edition model Garda squad car.

The real thing

This fabulous product is accompanied by a genuine certificate of authenticity, and is a bargain at just under €60.

Think of the hours of entertainment it could bring to you and your more small-minded buddies as you recreate some of the classic Garda car chases in your own living room. While these usually involve the boys in blue crashing into large, easily avoided trees at five miles per hour and then trying to sue the state for compensation, other options are open to those with creative imaginations.

Relive everyday occurrences such as our friends the pigs rushing out of the station to try and catch a glimpse of DJ Carey shopping on Henry St; or perhaps a dangerous mission out to a local phone box to leak a celebrity-arrest story to the press.

Letter of the month

Over the past three years or thereabouts, we've had a lot of madmen writing to us. But little did we know that we had a genius (there's a fine line, as they say) on our mailing list, until he emailed us one fateful night:

Dear Editor,

This mysterious email was quickley followed by another:

Dear Editor,I`m a hash junkie.At 36 some might say "grow up" or "cop on grandad"But thats irrelevant.The thing is every night when I`m stoned I get a fucking massive urge to lick my wifes arsehole!Have I an ilk out there or should I be imprisoned immediately?

And three minutes later came:

Dear Editor,if you have the patience to bullshit certain women in the Yahoo chat rooms some will gladly show you some tits or pussy,or even arsehole,and thats a fact!!!

A quick scan through our inbox revealed that he had contacted us before:

Dear Editor,
I`ve recently become a big fan of your monthly.I live in Naas so it`s great to catch up with the "news"!I would also be interested in being your Naas correspondent and would be glad to remit to you any scoop of significance.I think my brother, Gareth,is contributing in some way,hes in TCD.Anyway,let me know if you are interested,and send down some fucking dope before I go mental!!!
Brian Keeley.

Not only has this man become our official Naas correspondent, he also wins letter of the month, and a fabulous prize of a trip up to Dublin for the day via Dublin bus! As you can see, he badly wants hash, so if you could send any you have to The Slate, PO Box 8907, Dublin 2 we promise we'll forward it on to him.

On the way Brian

IN OUR LAST EVER OTHER DUBLINS, WE HAVE A LOOK AT

DUBLIN CALIFORNIA...

Where pillars of society are treated with the respect they deserve - just like here

ACROSS THE globe, we Dubliners are admired for our just ways and natural wisdom. It is therefore no surprise that so many other cities have tried to imitate our remarkable achievements - with some even going so far as to name themselves after this Liffeyside paradise of ours.

One such place is Dublin, California, and a brief look at their local penitentiary shows that these enlightened yanks are making great strides in the right direction. The 'Federal Prison Camp', known affectionately as Club Fed, provides corporate criminals (and other people who end up in jail by mistake) with a five star experience which includes video rentals, a sand volleyball court and a salad bar. The LA Times recently described this luxury location as "a prison without walls, fences, bars, gun towers or guns."

The camp's list of satisfied customers includes insider trader Michael Milkin and two LA cops - Stacy Koon and Laurence Powell - who were caught on video battering black youth Rodney King. Koon and Powell were housed here while waiting for an all-white jury to defy the politically correct video evidence by accquitting them.

In our own Dublin, of course, these people would never have been sent to jail in the first place. But the yanks realise that their justice system needs a bit of fine-tuning, and places like Club Fed are there to pick up the pieces until they have advanced to the stage we are now at.

There is also a women's prison in Dublin California, but this caters for your common or garden dirty criminal and different standards are therefore observed. A favoured practise is for male guards to force the inmates to have sex with them and the wardens also

Rodney King - asking for trouble

make a few extra quid by pimping their female charges out to male prisoners. One inmate - Robin Lucus - was lying in bed one night when three men somehow gained entry to her cell. These delightful gents jumped on Lucus, handcuffed her, sodomized her and then pissed all over her before heading back to their own cells.

Of course, whatever terrible crime Lucus had committed meant she deserved what she got, but some bleeding heart judge awarded $500,000 to her and two other slutty inmates, and forced the prison to sack some of the officers involved. Not good, and several other cases over the last decade have seen ordinary decent Dublin prison guards losing their jobs over a little bit of jiggery-pokery with the prisoners.

Taking a look at the bigger picture though, The Slate gives a big thumbs to this fine Californian town which is wearing its Dublin moniker with pride.

Coke bust wrecks the VIP buzz

That's the Spirit! as game dealer tries to outrun the cops

SPIRIT NIGHTCLUB was at the end of some unwelcome attention from the cops last month. As the pigs swooped in through the club's Abbey St. front entrance, somebody tried to make a break for it out of the VIP section. Unfortunately for this individual, the fleet-footed Gardai intercepted him before he had time to dump his drugs. The cops marched their prisoner back to a Fitzgibbon St. flat, where 45 grand's worth of narcotics was found. This must be most distressing for the Spirit bosses, who were recently heard hoping that their New York venue would be "free of the nightmarish drug abuse that can take hold in clubs."

Picture posed by someone with no idea how wide a line should be

Do your duty and shoot this shit

A sing song Cork cunt is driving radio listeners round the bend

Creedon forces a smile out after making another shit joke

"AFTER THREE years John Creedon's daily dose of music and fun has become the 'must listen to' radio programme in the middle of the day," reads this yappity Cork shit's RTE website blurb. "Forget about the big stories," he goes on (and if you have heard the show you will realise that Creedon probably wrote this dung himself), "what about those little nuggets that trouble the world from day to day, like how do they put the figs into the fig rolls, and has anyone out there the loan of a 4ft statue of St. Jude."

Then there's the "fine blend of good music" - a depressing selection of failed Jack L types who go on his show in the hope of bumping into the 4 of Us.

Somehow the Irish license fee payer has ended up funding the kind of radio they put on in a lunatic asylum to make sure everyone becomes slightly madder each day. Three pink pills, a jab in the arm, and the twee lilting sound of Creedon's fake culchie accent as he has another braindead conversation with himself about nothing.

Claiming to make his listeners "stop and laugh, wherever you may be," this airwave anaesthetist is about as funny as being stuck in the middle of the.Hillsborough disaster. None of his jokes even sound like they are supposed to be amusing - except for the fact that they are followed by the kind of laugh you would hear from your granny on her death bed.

Perhaps with listeners who are either too insane or too old and deaf to really understand the concept of humour, the distant sound of laughter is enough to make them think they are in the presence of great wit. We who know better must act now and take this cunt out before he spreads his pestilent seed around the rest of our society.

If you don't get the chance to call in and shoot John Creedon, please send an abusive text message to his show at 087 6272222.

The black arts of the charts

Ever felt like having a flutter on the Irish top 10? Well you might have some difficulty, now that two major bookies - Ladbrokes and Paddy Power - are refusing to take bets on the Irish charts. The reason seems to be that they are too easy to fix. Here's the lowdown.

AS A barometer of this country's music tastes, the Irish singles charts are about as reliable as a condom full of rat poison. First of all there's the fact that a band can get close to the top 10 if 500 nine year old dipshits go out and buy their single - hardly a great formula for figuring out where post-pubescent music interests lie. Then there is the long-held suspicion that the chart is more open to abuse than an altar boy handcuffed to the sacristy door.

One favoured form of corruption involves sweaty svengalis bombing around rural Ireland in a Ford Cortina, blowing their wife's life savings on as many copies of whatever unlistenable boyband shite they are trying to push on the nation.

At least one of Ireland's most successful recent pop exports got a leg up from a slightly more sophisticated version of this system. Large groups of layabouts were enlisted as 'buying teams' who were given specific instructions to purchase exact numbers of CDs in certain areas at crucial times of the week.

The charts are released in Ireland on a Friday, but labels also have access to a special 'midweek chart' which comes out on a Tuesday and tells them how their artists are selling so far that week.

That's when the sneaky cunts snap into action. If someone is at number six, having sold 300 CDs less than the number three artist, then it's a good bet that buying up 400 copies of their dross between Tuesday and Thursday will shoot them into the top three.

Larger shops like HMV, Virgin, Golden Discs and Tower have a pretty tight till situation, which shows times and dates of purchases and will spot something amiss if one person buys 250 copies of the new single from Ballyfermot girl band Karina Karina. But it's in smaller outlets down the country that the dirty deeds usually happen.

Tax dodging culchies are naturally suspicious of anything that records their monetary transactions, and most music stores run on tills that look like they might double up as a tea urn when the shop closes. Chart information is generally recorded using a scanning device that is kept completely separate to the till. This is very handy altogether and, if a band promoter has a good enough relationship with the shop, he can simply ring up and request a few extra scans without even having to put his hand in his pocket to buy the CDs.

Seeing as, most of the time, you only need to sell about 2,000 CDs in a week to get to number 1, this could be a good betting wheeze. Place a few grand on a song to hit no.1 at 3 to 1 and then rush out and buy 1500 copies of it in Joe's of Mullingar. All too predictable, unfortunately, as the major betting chains are wise to the dirty ways of the Irish charts.

A spokesperson at Paddy Power agreed that the system was ripe for scamming. "That's why we'd only take bets at Christmas," he said. "The rest of the time they'd be selling so few it would be more open to abuse."

Word also reached us that Ladbrokes were refusing bets on the charts. The woman who answered the phone at their HQ was tight-lipped and bitchy, but she confirmed that they wouldn't give odds on the top 10 - even at Christmas time.

We are boring assholes but everyone loves us

HOW MUCH FOR A NO.1?

Reaching the top of the charts is usually a matter of selling some fairly pathetic number of CDs. Around 2,000 will normally do the trick, and sometimes even less will get you to there.

Recent no. 1 singles have included Blu Cantrell with Breathe (2,183 copies sold in a week), XTM's Fly on the Wings of Love (a paltry 1,741), and Beyonce, whose Crazy in Love only sold 1,764 in its last week on top of the pile.

As a point of interest, the number 1 at the time of going to print was Black Eyed Peas (above) shit hop number Where is the Love? This managed to sell a fairly exceptional 4,889 in its third week at the top - possibly because its appeal went beyond the normal singles terrain of knicker-wetting young girls and managed to capture the liberal moron sector too.

Why bother with the charts?

Seeing as you only sell enough CDs to make about €10 profit out of it, one might ask what the point of breaking your bollox and whoring your soul to get to the top of the charts is.

Unfortunately, because this country is blessed with a legion of completely cunt-eyed radio DJs, it is extremely hard to get a song onto certain shows unless it has charted well.

A classic example was the recent White Stripes anthem Seven Nation Army. For some reason, this was not released as a single in Ireland and as a result did not properly materialise on the chart-orientated radar of some of 2FM's stupider DJs. Even as the song blasted out of car ads and nightclubs, and the album charged into the Irish top 5, 2FM jocks were heard in the RTE canteen nervously wondering whether they should play a track that didn't feature in the singles chart.

Are 2FM Seven Nation Barmy?

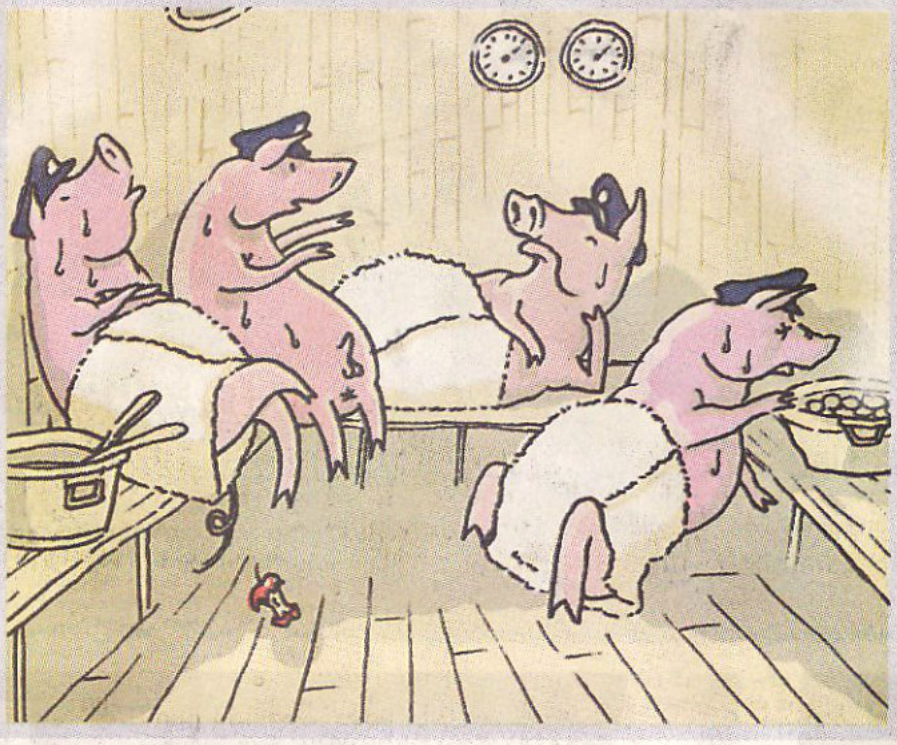
The Sweaty Pigs of Pearse Street

Carefree cops live it up in state of the art station sauna

AFTER A tough day spent beating up homeless people, collecting bribes and shouting at members of the public, Gardai need to unwind before going out for after-hours drinks in a pub of their choice. That's why it's good to know that, while everyone else slaves away under artificial lighting in spaces the size of a rabbit hutch, lucky Dublin cops are lounging around their station in a luxury sauna.

On a recent visit to Pearse St. pig shop, one of our more lawless correspondents found herself in the ladies staff toilets. And right beside the hand-driers was an entrance to a top of the range steam room and sauna complex which would put the Swedes to shame. Further investigation revealed that male guards also have their own separate sauna, and do not get to sit around lathering up in sweat with half-naked Ban Gardai.

Needless to say, The Slate contacted Pearse St. immediately and asked could we rent their leisure facilities out for a party. Unfortunately this request was denied as "our insurance would only cover Gardai." The cops suggested instead that The Slate bash be held in the nearby Markievicz swimming pool.



All Star Display

Revealed: Hurling hero Eddie Brennan's double life as a nasty Garda thug

KILKENNY WON their second successive hurling title last month amid lots of waffle from men in tacky shirts about how the mighty Cats are the living embodiment of Cuchulainn in the twenty first century.
However, one man who doesn't quite fit this description is star forward Garda Eddie Brennan, who seems to have more in common with the Black and Tans than the boys in Black and Amber. In a recent court case, the guards were forced to release an interrogation transcript which revealed that macho cop Brennan is a redneck racist halfwit who enjoys describing violent homophobic rape fantasies to suspects in his care.
The transcript recorded Brennan and a Garda William Dempsey interrogating somebody - whose case never even made it to the court - at Tallaght Garda Station back in April 2000.

Brennan: Pure lot of shit is all you have been telling [us]. You may take your eyes off that door, because you're not going nowhere pal. Hope you get used to that cell you're in. Six by six, not much room to move around in.

Dempsey: With a big black person.

Brennan: With a big black fella there

Dempsey: He might like your haircut

Brennan: All he'll want is his bit boy - up the Gary Glitter

Dempsey: Are you used to it?

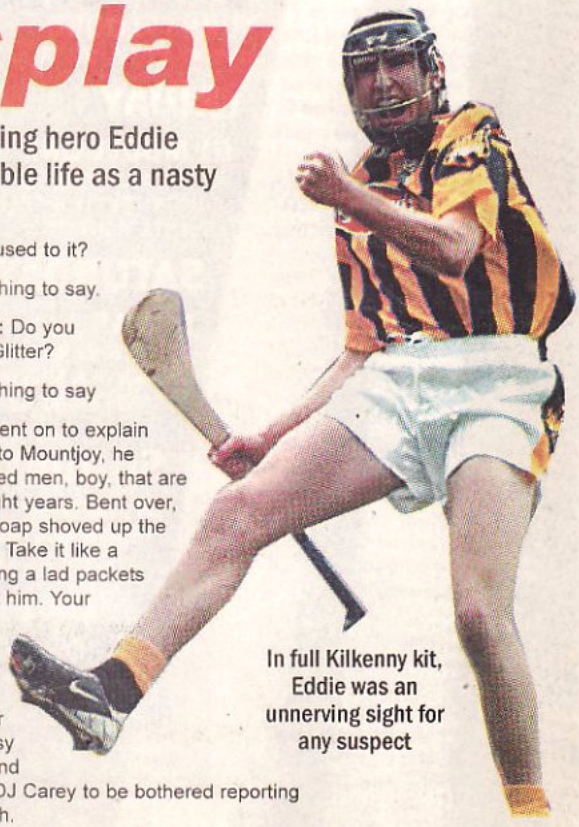
Suspect: I have nothing to say.

Unidentified Garda: Do you take it up the Gary Glitter?

Suspect: I have nothing to say

Our hurling hero went on to explain that when this went to Mountjoy, he would meet "hardened men, boy, that are in there seven or eight years. Bent over, boy, and have had soap shoved up the cheeks of their arse. Take it like a man. Someone paying a lad packets of smokes to protect him. Your future looking bleak..." Bravo.

The ever vigilant media largely ignored this however as they were too busy sending paparazzi and bribemongers after DJ Carey to be bothered reporting anything of any worth.



In full Kilkenny kit, Eddie was an unnerving sight for any suspect

Progress down at the Point Depot

Part of venue sectioned off to keep the assholes away from everyone else

Fabulous news for Dublin gig-goers - last month saw the launch of the 'O2 Point Club', an exclusive VIP section in the atmosphere-free Point Theatre. It should prove very affordable to the man on the street, as annual membership costs a mere €8,000 and numbers are limited to 100.

For your money, you will be kept as far away from the riff-raff as possible, with members being ushered in through a private entrance to recline in an exclusive lounge filled with fat rich people having pre-show drinks.

Premium seats on the balcony and a cloakroom will also be provided, providing clients with a great opportunity to savour their magnificent wealth and privilege, as the commoners mill about below storing their coats on the filthy floor and drinking warm lager from plastic glasses.

Point boss Harry Crosbie

And just to make sure that patrons of this fantastic service are made to feel important enough, a stylish limo transfer service will be available to take them to and from the venue while everybody else throws rocks and beer bottles at them.

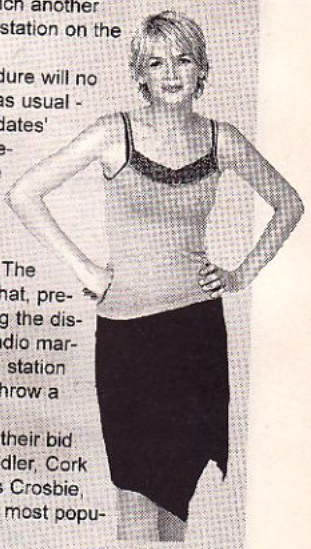
Unfortunately members of 'The Point Club' will still have to endure the Docklands venue's atrocious traffic access problem and predominantly below-par shows. But apart from that it is superb value and a much-needed offer which should be applauded roundly.

Londoners to bid for new Dublin radio license

After the massive success of Spin Fm (last count: at least 23 listeners) Irish radio bosses are gearing up to launch another pile of shite FM radio station on the youth of Dublin.

The selection procedure will no doubt be as rigorous as usual - in that all of the candidates' credentials will be carefully scrutinised before the license is awarded to whoever has the most money and the least imagination. And The Slate can now reveal that, presumably after surveying the dismal state of the Irish radio market, guitar rock London station XFm have decided to throw a bid into the ring.

XFM will be joined in their bid by promoters Mean Fiddler, Cork Examiner boss Thomas Crosbie, and Louis Walshe - the most popular man in Ireland.



The atrocious Zoe Ball - a DJ on XFM in London

Business Classifieds

All the info you need on who wants what around Dublin

THE BAILEY

URGENT! We need a lorry full of effluent dumped outside our front door at 5pm this Friday. Top dollar paid. Don't bother ringing if you can do it - just turn up and let fly.

RETARDS

Handbag dancing contest this Sunday night - Vuitton only. Winner gets a blowjob from Gavin Lambe Murphy. Losers get two.

LIZZIE'S BORDELLO

Famously shite piano bar looking for rich people in chinos to hang out with Chris De Burgh and other exciting Dublin celebs.

HOT PRESS

Anything and everything is up for sale at Ireland's bible of rock and revolution. Give us enough cash and our journalists will fellate you with their cutting edge prose and witty wordplay.

THE RED BOX

Half of a large empty room available for you and your mates to play indoor football every Friday and Saturday night.

IFI (FORMERLY THE IFC)

New name same gig. Trendy cinema still wants unshockable customers who read the Ticket and the Event Guide and loathe contact with the lower classes (apart from in films and books)

GEORGE'S ST. ARCADE

Dublin's youth culture mecca is looking for vendors with products other than Man of Ireland fudge, day-glo jewellery and overpriced clothing.

CROKE PARK

Sophisticated stadium with bags of style seeks sport that isn't followed by red-armed farmers in Dubarry shoes.

THE SOURCE

Store full of annoying junk needs shoplifters NOW to help clear out stock. Also wanted: afternoon drinkers to come in and throw lava lamps at staff members.

LASER VIDEO

Up-its-hole video store needs normal Joe Soap to make fun of. Will have endearing enthusiasm for blockbuster movies and head at patting height.

Pillwatch

YOKE HOORS - take note. A new and unusually high quality E is on the loose in Dublin, and has been blowing the heads off unsuspecting ravers in recent months. Christened the 'Double Cherry', these nifty little Jeff Mills are so called because they have a logo not dissimilar to that of shite Brit nightclub Pacha - two cherries. Move quickly before they turn into mongy, car crash experiences like most other Dublin pills.

With unfortunate cunts pulling their eyes out after taking drugs (and all the ensuing tabloid hysteria) it is not a bad time to have some idea where your yips are coming from and what's in them. Steer clear, then, of the 'Snowball' which must be the greatest bullshit pill of all time. Pretty much anything without a logo can be passed off as one of these bastards, and they are only to be taken when completely desperate.

KEEPING AN EYE ON THE DUBLIN DRUGS SCENE FOR YOU

One strain that appeared in Galway recently had some Slate readers feeling a bit like they were on acid - not exactly the kind of thing you want taking you by surprise. After necking them a second time, they asked the dealer what the story was and were told that the pills were laced with Angel Dust - the shit they put in cows and, generally, only yanks are stupid enough to take.

Speaking of tripping, Microdots have made some kind of a comeback in Dublin. These fearsomely strong acid tabs were all the rage back in the 90s. The sad news is that the ones currently doing the rounds are apparently about as strong as a kick in the arse from a daddy long legs.

Above is Glen Hansard, former useless actor and now wailing singer of Irish tedium-rock band The Frames. If you should ever through some terrible error end up at a Frames concert, leave this down the toilet as revenge for the emotionally-charged racket that is being made on stage. *Incidentally, for all lovers of bitchfighting on the Dublin music scene, the new Frames song, Fake, is apparently a thinly-veiled attack on fellow moaner Damien Rice.

WHAT'S ALL this tosh about not smoking in pubs? Barstaff should stop whining about their health - buck up, buy some Lemsip, and be thankful you have a job at all is what I say. Honestly. Anyway, because of all their moaning, I can't enjoy a Havana with my brandy any more, which marks a new low for civilized behaviour in this benighted country.

But let's not dwell on the negative. For all you fellow sufferers out there I propose a simple alternative: snuff. It's cheap, elegant, and stimulating to the cranium and nostrils. Down through history, great men have loved snuff (Lord Nelson, the Duke of Wellington and that frog Napoleon used to hoover it up). And there's no such thing as 'passive snuffing' for the knicker wetters to get in a tizzy about. PROPER ORDER!

Leo Crowley

Sexy Kids' Pop Contest

A LANDMARK moment in broadcasting history took place last month when the Junior Eurovision Song Contest kicked off on ITV.

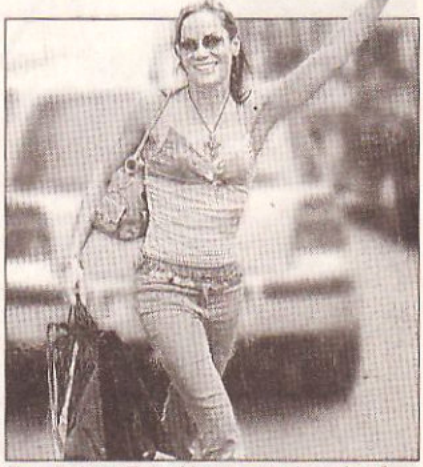
Tara Palmer Tompkinson and some fat greasy shit off breakfast TV were there to make the kids feel like rock stars while millions of stupid Brits sat on their sofas texting in votes, making the show's producers extremely rich.

But - in spite of the fact that we are the kings of the senior Eurovision, and the likelihood of Ronan Keating hosting the finals - Retarded Teilifis Eireann slapped a ban on Ireland entering this great contest.

16 other countries will gather around their televisions next month and shout drunken obscenities at any children who make it to the Copenhagen finals. Meanwhile, the Paddies will miss all the fun thanks to penny-pinching bores at RTE - who seem to think that non-stop current affairs shows and programmes about boats sinking make for screen-shaking entertainment.

Small-minded fools have made Ireland miss out on a high point of modern European culture

Not to mention the paedophiles, who could be kept safely off the streets for a couple of extra hours each week if this kind of quality television was enticing them to stay at home.



Tara Palmer Tompkinson out shopping for sweets for the children

HOW TO GET YOUR FILTH FOR FREE

We check out the best no-pay porn sites on the web

ARE YOU the kind of dunce who can't find free porn on the internet? Is the best you can do a few half-naked paparazzi shots of some wrinkled celebrity falling into the sea?

Well, help is at hand. Our mailing list subscribers generously supplied us with a large list of sites which give mountains of filthy videos and dirty pictures away for free. And we are now charitably reprinting them so that paisti na hEireann can download and email nasty hardcore sex pics to each other all day long.

Be warned though - the down-side of looking at many of these sites is that while you are waiting for shots from Snow White And The Seven Blacks to appear on your screen, some sneaky bit of spyware can be installing itself on your machine without your knowledge or consent. This means that when you least want it - such as when you are showing your elderly aunt how to use a mouse - a deeply hardcore porn window promising instant pictures of monstrous, rhino sized cocks can jump up on the screen causing you life-shattering embarrassment.

All of the following sites feature professionals - mostly silicone stuffed, orange coloured women and muscular men with shaven pubic hair doing unspeakable things to themselves and others. They all also give grave warnings on entry which forbid entry to those under the ages of either 18 or 21. Happily for underagers, these super-secure, hacker proof screening processes rely totally on the honesty of the viewer so even if you are six years of age you'll be in within five seconds.

www.superchicken.com
www.rawpasswords.com
www.fapped.com
www.freeones.com
www.sublimedirectory.com
www.orsm.net
www.ampland.com
www.sexzool.com
www.ampland.com
www.greenguy.com
www.thehun.com
www.purextc.com

Yahoo! Groups

If you want avoid a lot of the pop-ups and spyware, Yahoo! Groups is a fabulous resource, particularly when it comes to bizarre shit. Register with fictitious details, making sure that you enter a date of birth that makes you over 21 and it will truly be revealed to you how mad other people are. The url is www.groups.yahoo.com and from there - courtesy of an excellent search engine - you'll be on the pig's back.

A Slate sleuth spent five minutes looking around and discovered the following magnificent discussion groups. (Note, you'll need to be signed in to view most of these).

Slate reporters in research mode

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/lace-up_highheel_sandals/ -

"For admirers of beautiful women wearing lace up high-heel sandals."

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Jewish_Spanking/

"A place where Jewish spanking enthusiasts can meet and greet." This one looks particularly good. Unfortunately, membership is subject to approval, so you'll need to be able to prove you are Jewish in some kind of way, probably.

And closer to home:

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/caning_and_spanking_in_ireland/

For more 'interesting' material again, all you need is contained on www.sickest-sites.com, a gateway to incest, asphyxia, necrophilia, bestiality and other delights which are not considered particularly nice by polite society - yet. Beware, looking extensively into these kinds of sites can have you arrested.

Kazaa Lite

has no annoying pop-up ads and lets you download pictures and video from other people's computers by entering search words and selecting what you want. Get it at http://kazaalite.tk/.

THE LAW

Luckily the law on pornography featuring adults is a complete mess and predates the net by hundreds of years. Internet porn featuring people over 16 has been completely ignored by the law in Ireland, so you needn't worry about getting in trouble for looking at it.

WKD MOST WANTED

THE MOST WANTED INTERNATIONAL GUESTS
EVERY OTHER THURSDAY:

OCT16:
HERBALISER
OLLIE TEEBA, NINJA TUNES
LONDON, ENGLAND

OCT30: CHANGE OF ARTIST
DAZ-I-KUE
BUGZ IN THE ATTIC
LONDON, ENGLAND

NOV13:
RUSS DEWBURY
JAZZ ROOMS
BRIGHTON, ENGLAND

NOV29:
THE PRUNES
MO' WAX
COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

DEC11: RESCHEDULED DATE
GILLES PETERSON
TALKIN' LOUD
LONDON, ENGLAND

RESIDENT/MR. MOTO
3 AREAS: 2 FLOORS: 1 WORLD

[Rí-Rá]
DAME COURT . DUBLIN 2

Funk OFF [10 YEARS] · Strictly Filth [disco therapy] · WKD

These Jobs are for Knobs

MAKE SURE AND STEER CLEAR OF THIS DIABOLICAL BULLSHIT

ANYONE unfortunate enough to have to find a job will soon discover that there are a lot of pernicious cunts out there who will use every trick in the book to try and get you working for them. Most of this employment is so alien and unnatural to human nature, the Nazis would have been afraid to impose it on their concentration camp victims. But here it is in the Evening Herald, dressed up in fancy words like 'sales', 'marketing', 'dynamic' and 'opportunity'. Limiting ourselves to the highly grim commission-only work, The Slate's team of investigators phoned these employers to find out how the actual jobs matched up to the advertisements.

Simpletons in Suburbia

"Do you feel lucky punk?" begins Tegman & Cooks advertisement. "I know what you're thinking," it continues. "Am I good enough 4 this job? [note krazy txt spellings] Am I worth a shot? Well seeing that this job will blow yr head clean off Ur shoulders. You've got to ask yourself: Do I feel lucky."

Like all the best job ads, this astonishingly stupid notice gives absolutely no idea what the work entails. On contacting T & C you're greeted with a sing song spiel that promises On Target Earnings of €450-€800 per week and management progression within 6-12 months. Despite such illustrious claims it soon becomes clear that this is bog standard door to door sales.

Along with a team of ten or so other suit wearing simpletons you'll door knock your way through Irish suburbia in the unlikely hope of flogging a book of food and leisure discount vouchers. Apart from the degradation of walking through housing estates looking like a member of the Mormons, you can also expect to be laughed and cursed at on a commission only basis. Do you feel lucky punk? Not particularly.

Let me Entertain You

Phoenix Advertising are apparently offering "A Dream Job" with "Opportunities in fashion and entertainment". Unfortunately there seems to have been a slight manipulation of the truth here, as the opportunities in fashion and entertainment refer to walking around town trying to sell haircuts to the general public. On a "performance related basis" (put simply no basic) you'll comb the streets of Dublin being ignored by people who mistake you for a charity collector. Phoenix Advertising also offer the possibility of "training to management" which means that you can eventually begin the tiresome task of recruiting staff for a position that is as uninviting as the products are unmarketable.

Travel Opportunities

"New York LA Dublin," boasts C&C Distributions' advert.

"Would you actually be working in America?"

"Our head office is based in the States."

"But would you actually be working in America?"

"No."

Having established that the furthest you'll travel with C&C is Finglas, Phibsboro and Drimnagh, The Slate soon learned that this job would involve trying to sell products such as tool kits, knife blocks, and colouring sets of questionable quality on a 'business to business basis' - i.e. trawling around chippers and beauty salons with a bag of this crap over your shoulder.

Sand to the Arabs

"Too young for management? And yet you have the flair and ability to deal with and relate to all types of people," is Epiphany Marketing's opening gambit on this joyous jobs page. The only epiphany you will be having though is the realisation that you have been completely fucked up the hole when you are parachuted into some dull suburb and told to march around annoying home owners with questions about a telephone company they've never heard of.

The return of Royston

Back in Ireland after things go awry at the Republican rave

Jaysus lads - I'm back home in Ireland getting shited on by the weather and not a fecking penny to me name. The summer came to an abrupt and unpleasant ending when the yanks deported me for a whole load a shite that was 100% not my fault...

...Things started to go wrong at the Republican Rave when a gang of English lads turned up. It was on a boat so we could avoid hassle from the cops, and we were just about to set sail when these Brits arrived.

"Sorry lads," says I to them - "no Bushmills types." "Ya wot?" goes one of them in his shitehawk planter accent. So I spells it out a bit clearer "Republicans only tonight gents. We're gathering money for Dan O'Connell and the boys back home."

Now the Yanks may fall for that kind of bullshit but the Sasanach are a slyer breed, and they started to get agro about not being let on board. A quick scuffle ensued and things weren't looking great until the mighty Paidi O'Chonnaill came to me rescue and fecked one of the Brits in the water. We pulled in the gangplank quick smart and I told Mossie to let the engine rip.

They had given us some Mexican cunt to drive the boat for us, but Mossie decided he was the skipper and told your man to go home for the night.

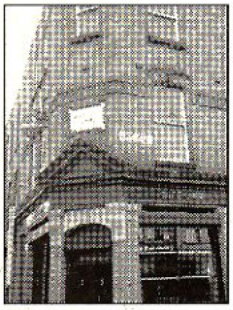
Unfortunately at this stage of the evening Mossie's navigational skills had taken a turn for the worse and we hit a few tubs on our way out of the harbour. One of them sank, along with about 12 rich-looking yanks who were having a cocktail party on board. The rave was in full swing by now, and when the police boats and chopper started chasing us down the coast, most of them thought it was some lighting spectacular we had arranged to commemorate the hounding of brave republicans back home by Her Majesty's forces of law and order.

Things got fairly out of hand, and in the end we hit a rock and sent about 20 madoutofit cunts flying overboard. The Coast Guard had to be called and Mossie, meself and Leo were hauled off for questioning. Two days later we were brought to the airport in a Paddywagon and informed that we were no longer welcome on Yank soil, whether for business or for pleasure.

So here I am - back in the arsehole of Leitrim, with that bank cunt telling me I have to work every night of the week to pay off his poxy loan, and a year of boring lectures coming at me like the train from Athlone.

Stop this Prejudice!

A so-called sophisticated pub is trampling all over our rights



No dogs, no Irish

SMITHFIELD'S trendy Dice Bar is at the centre of a race discrimination storm after a Slate correspondent popped in for a pint and found to his horror that black people were being given free drink. Our white West of Ireland reporter was up there on a Sunday checking out a reggae night which he said was "pretty cool, with a v. attractive female DJ playing fairly wellknown sixties ska and stuff like that."

"Anyway," he went on, "there's always an impressively high percentage of black guys in dreads and (in some cases) tribal-type costumes in attendance. I was up at the bar and one of these black guys who'd just arrived was next to me. When he got his drink the head barman wouldn't take any money off him for it. I asked yer man if he had any idea why he'd just gotten a free drink and he said no. So I kept my eyes open and it seemed that none of the black people there paid for any drinks the entire night. Not that it mattered much since they seem to drink fuck all." This is obviously a disgraceful state of affairs, with honest to God Irish people no doubt paying higher prices to subsidise these feckless Africans on their drinking sprees. We propose an immediate boycott of the Dice Bar by anyone with a bit of pride in their country.

Brave Barman Beaten Down by the System

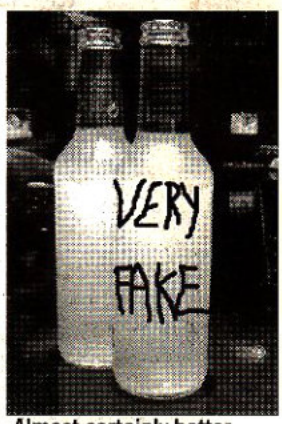
He tried to do right by his regulars and nearly got thrown in jail for it

SPARE A thought for Thomas Mulligan, a Smithfield barman who was caught flogging his customers bootleg vodka recently.

Usually this kind of misdeed would rightly win him the scorn of the whole country, but it turns out that Mulligan was actually doing his customers at The Cobblestone bar a favour. The bottles he was serving drink from were labelled 'Smirnoff' but were deemed phoney because they did not contain the 'unique ingredients' of that particular brand of vodka. Which is just as well, seeing as Smirnoff is a disgusting drink that tastes like it has been brewed down a sewer and urinated in by rats.

The only real difference is that it was 33.4% proof as opposed to 37.5% - but this will mean nothing to the average Smirnoff drinker, typically a retarded lemming who only feels safe buying something they've seen advertised five times in one day on TV3.

For his troubles, the righteous Mulligan was handed down a three year suspended sentence by some judge, which means that if he gets in any trouble over the next couple of years he'll get thrown in the slammer.

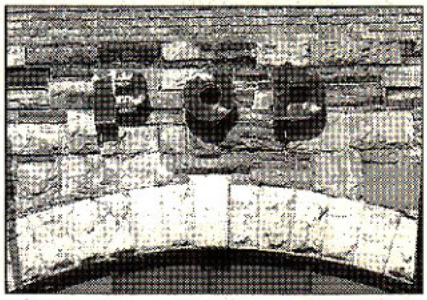


Almost certainly better than the real thing

RED BOX PUTTING OUT EASY

THINGS AREN'T looking great for vain culchie John Reynolds. The beanpole Pod boss has had his minions scouring the bars of Wexford St. on Saturday nights throwing out free passes to anyone who looks like they might want to spend the night in the Red Box.

This is not an uncommon practice on Dublin's atrocious nightclub scene, but the fact that Don John had his underlings beating the streets for customers two weeks in a row last month suggests that all is not well at his Harcourt St. venue.



All welcome, please come in

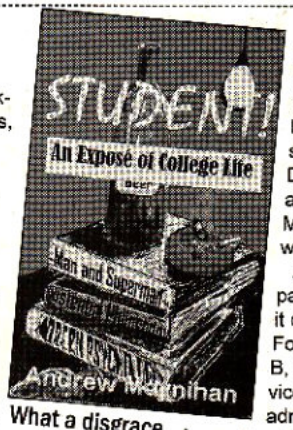
Galway Garbage

STUDENT!

ANDREW MOYNIHAN.
ZEUS PUBLICATIONS, 2003.

DESPITE ITS journalistic subtitle (An Expose Of Student Life) Andrew Moynihan's STUDENT! is a novel. Actually it's a collection of run-of-the-mill 'When I was in college...' anecdotes that morphs unexpectedly into a story in its final chapters. The book is set in Galway - although for all it evokes of that city (apart from a few pub names) it might as well be Goa - and tells the story of personality-less Arts student Ray Perry and his stock character mates: the intense intellectual, the irrepressible pisshead and the stand-up good guy.

Moynihan mostly gets it right about what prospective students can expect from university life. Namely; heavy drinking, rampant pretentiousness, poverty, exploitative landlords, a wankerish Student Union and occasional incarceration in local psychiatric institutions. The writing is pretty dire though. The author has a habit of continually stating the fucking obvious which really grates. "Having finished First Year, I am now starting my Second Year," he tells us. "We named the cat George after George W. Bush, the American president." Synonyms are alien to him too. Many words are overused while the expression 'Only time would tell...' is deployed so regularly it becomes an unintentional running joke. The dialogue is worse. "That 1953 Vintage Morris Minor is the pride of the McGintys," says one character, spouting the kind of blarney even Darby O'Gill would have baulked at. "Me late father, Gerard McGinty, won it at a Puck Fair when he was a lad."



What a disgrace

And while the book is only 184 pages long, a nitpicking analysis of it could run to easily double that. For example, if A "is unmatched by" B, then A is greater than B and not vice versa. And no landlord will ever admit he's ripping you off no matter how blatantly he's doing it.

A right pile of cack then, STUDENT! is unworthy of even the most long-winded Suggested Reading list.

GREEN GREEN GRASS AT HOME

Pour petrol all over your plants if they don't look like this after a fortnight

IT'S TIME TO DITCH THE DIRTY HASH AND GROW SOME HEALTHY DRUGS OF YOUR OWN

AT ONE time only hippies and Dutch people grew dope but now it seems everybody is getting in on the act. New Irish shops and websites have appeared to help even the dimmest of potheads along their merry way to home harvesting.

Before you get started you'll need a space to grow in, seeds, lights, a timer and boring flatmates who don't have many parties. Spacewise something the size of a wardrobe is big enough for getting started. Make sure that it's dry and that there's a bit of air passing through if the window's open. A shed, spare room or attic is ideal for the job.

Seeds are probably the most important part of getting set up. There's nothing illegal about possessing seeds, so feel free to use the Internet or registered post to acquire them. A crowd called Dutch Passion (www.dutch-passion.nl) are reliable and have most well known strains. Generally the more expensive the seeds, the better the end result. Having said that, don't get too carried away spending on seeds if it's your first time growing. Those genetically engineered blueberry-superskunk crossbreeds mightn't seem like such a good investment if your gerbil eats them after a week.

Do, however, keep an eye out for 'feminised' (that's female only) seeds. The buds you smoke only grow on the female plant so any males are fairly useless. With normal seeds, males can amount to about half your plants, so those feminised seeds can save you all kinds of hassle later on for only a little extra cost.

While growing dope outdoors is all very well in the rest of the world, us Irish are blessed with clouds, rain and cold temperatures all year round. To counteract this you'll need a Sodium or Metal Halide light. They usually come in big bulbs at around 250 or 400 watts, either of which will do the job for a handful of plants. They're the big lights on the sides of buildings everywhere and can be bought without paranoia at an electrical wholesalers or builders' supply shop.

Proper 'grow lights' for plants are more expensive but if you really want to do it right check the Internet or in various likely looking stores around town. Alternatively buy a proper growing bulb for about €20 and put it in a fitting stolen from the front of Trinity College - all you need then is a plug. They do heat up when in constant use so keep it a few inches from young plants and flammables.

All of the above can be bought for less than €200. You'll also need soil and fertiliser. Organic fertiliser is probably best, as nobody really wants to know that they're smoking miracle-grow. Instructions vary for different types of fertiliser but use it as often as suggested on the packet for tomatoes and other vegetables. Seeds can take up to ten days to germinate indoors.

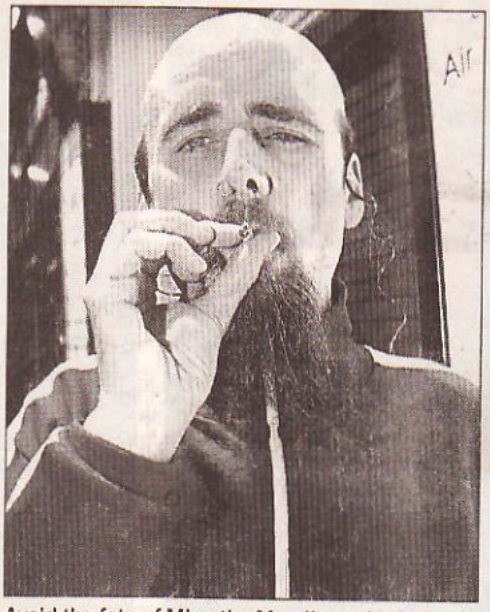
You don't need to worry about light at this stage - just keep them somewhere warm until they've broken through the soil. Once you can see all the seedlings they're ready to go under lights. If you're feeling swanky look into getting a hydroponics kit. They're easily set up and you'll never have to water those plants again. They'll also grow like bastards.

If you get caught with plants in your house, it's worth noting that any possible criminal charges depend on the number of plants you have rather than their size or weight. This makes it a bit safer to have one or two big bushy females than five or six smaller weeds in the same space. Keep plants bushy by cutting the tops off every week or so: this forces them to grow outwards.

After five or six weeks they should be nearly two feet tall and ready for flowering. At this stage they need twelve hours light and twelve hours darkness per day. This has to be uninterrupted darkness, as even a few minutes of light at the wrong time can confuse them and stunt their growth. Water them less and try to avoid visiting them at night.

Make sure now you have no male plants in there, as they can really fuck things up later on. Males can be identified by little balls, almost like seeds, that appear between the stems after a week or so of reduced lighting. These develop long before anything starts to happen with the females. Check the Internet for a picture of exactly what you're looking for but watch your plants carefully for a few weeks to make sure you've chopped all the males. Flowering takes about two months but you should see buds appearing after a few weeks. Try not to smoke the first things you see though - buds will keep growing and take a while to ripen.

Like any good crop you need to wait for plants to ripen before you harvest. Two months looking at weed you can't smoke can be very frustrating but dried leaf and the odd bud should tide you over. The smell will also turn friends and flatmates into rabid thieving bastards so lock your doors and carry a big stick at all times.



Avoid the fate of Ming the Merciless - braindead after a lifetime of smoking mouldy hashish

Hairs will start to appear on the buds and as they develop these hairs shrink and get darker in colour. When you think they're ready and all the hairs are a nice golden brown colour cut your shrubs at the bottom and hang them out to dry. Upside down in a dark cupboard is the best way to do this. Drying can take a week or so - try all you want you won't be able to smoke damp buds. After drying, trim your buds and store them in a lunchbox. For the next few weeks you will be popular beyond your wildest dreams.

THINGS THAT CAN GO WRONG

Needless to say, trying to get stoners to do anything that requires organisational skills leaves plenty of scope for disaster

1. You burn the house down. Surprisingly easy to do if you put a 400 watt light fitting in a small cupboard. Buy a smoke alarm and keep it beside your grow-room.

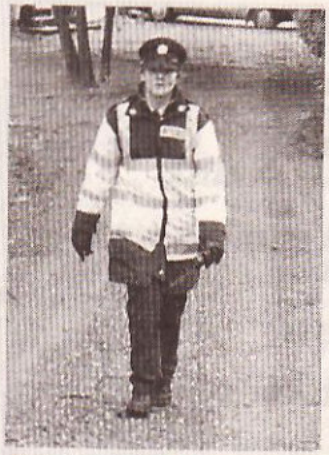
2. Plants start to wilt and droop. You've probably given them too much or too little water. Make sure the pots have good drainage and only water them every two days or so.

3. They grow too tall for the space. Constant pruning is a good idea to keep plants short and bushy. They can grow incredibly fast under lights.

4. The dope you grow isn't very good. This is all down to genetics and starting off with good seeds. Get that bit right and you should be laughing.

5. The police show up. Deny all knowledge and blame your flatmates. If you all do this and the plants are in a shared space (like an attic) in a rented house then they won't know who to prosecute. A bit far-fetched but it works in Australia, apparently.

6. You get drunk and decide to harvest after only a month. This probably will happen at least some of your plants. You'll know better the next time.



Call a bangarda if your flatmates steal your crop

Further Reading:

Obviously this is only a very partial guide to growing. Websites like overgrow.com or cannabizireland.com are handy for more general advice.

SABOTAGE

14 Exchequer St.
Dublin 2

Guys Clothing Store

10% Student Discount
Monday/Tuesday/Wednesday

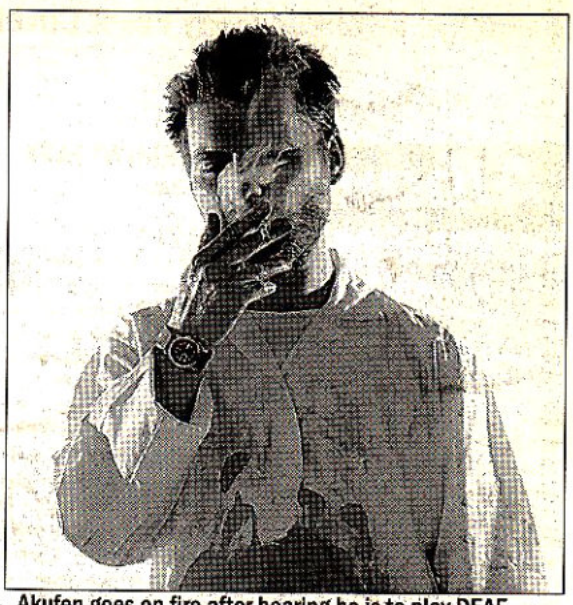
FREE military belt
with each pant purchased

25% Discount with
Sabotage store card

Restrictions apply

BLEEPS, GEEKS AND BEATS HIT TOWN

The Dublin Electronic Arts Festival is back later this month



Akufen goes on fire after hearing he is to play DEAF

God be with the times when Dublin sucked the cocks of U2, Phil Lynott and Paul Brady and didn't entertain any music not made with a guitar or a bodhran. Nowadays we are so modern we have our own annual electronic music shindig. The return of DEAF for a second innings, and the recent Mor bash in Tullamore, shows that despite its small, mostly narrow-minded populace, Ireland has a healthy interest in circuit-driven music - particularly the more leftfield type. This interest has been bubbling to the surface more and more over the last few years, and DEAF will provide an excellent opportunity to check out the scene it has spawned.

How a provincial kip like Dublin got to the stage of hosting a festival like this is worth considering. The dance music and club culture boom of the early 90s certainly advanced the cause of electronic-based music in a town that seemed determined to rock out unto infinity. But strangely enough it wasn't the beginning of the story. A tiny Dublin scene existed in the 60s and 70s - based mainly on patience-trying 'musique concrete' and avant-garde experimentalism played by bearded men with headbands and synthesizers that were bigger than the average grand piano.

Between this curious period and the dance music explosion, the electronic baton was handed on to a few ugly goths, who carried it through the 80s by skulking around their bedrooms to the sound of dull 'industrial music' like Skinny Puppy and The Young Gods. Neither of these eras saw any homegrown electronic music of note being produced.

By the mid 90s though, when the rave boom had simmered down a bit here, small independent labels like Ultramack, 5HT and significantly for DEAF, D1 Recordings emerged around Dublin. With a background in alternative rock and the dance boom as a launching pad, these outfits concentrated on techno-based music which allowed room for experimentation. Although these electronic music producers have never really stepped out from the shadows of more innovative artists in the UK, Europe and the US, enough momentum built up for D1 to feel it could start establishing an identity for the Dublin scene with a full-on festival. This idea became a reality with the first DEAF last October.

Last year's main event (held in the Guinness Storehouse) was somewhat marred by teething problems. While almost everyone was happy once they arrived at the acts they wanted to see, getting from one stage to another was reputedly harder than escaping from Belsen. And in keeping with this theme, there were numerous complaints about the bouncers behaving like Nazi camp guards. Nonetheless, such problems are to be expected from a first-time, uncommercial music festival and with luck things will run a lot more smoothly this time round.

This year's version has two gigs at the Storehouse and a multitude of other events throughout the week and a half. Since it is an 'arts' (as opposed to just music) festival there will be plenty of experimental visual carry-on and film (most of which is taking place outdoors in late autumn for some reason). Events will also be going on in theatres and galleries - giving the music a slightly different perspective to the normal munter-filled commercial club way of consuming it.

The total cost of the project is nearly a quarter of a million euro, and some of this money has been gleaned from numerous Arts Councils and sponsors. Needless to say, though, raising this much moolah for a festival of leftfield music in a city as small as Dublin is hard work, and the bulk of the cash has come from corporate sponsors Sony Playstation.

As a result, the festival literature and posters feature a nasty clash between the underground aesthetic of the designers and performers involved, and the ugly gleaming Playstation logo that has been prominently inserted everywhere. This kind of carping and whining would be all very well if some electronica-loving millionaire was at hand to fund the whole thing. Unfortunately, this is not the case and a necessary sacrifice has been made to the gods of filthy commerce.

Once you get beyond the nitpicking and minor complaints, there is no denying the benefits of giving people a chance to hear edgy, unusual electronic music in more interesting environments than usual. Whatever kind of music you are into, The Slate would certainly recommend going to at least a few of the DEAF gigs.

DEAF takes place from Friday October 17 to Monday October 27. The festival involves 40 events in 16 venues around town. We cannot be fucking bothered printing out the line-up as it would take up another ten pages of the magazine. For full listings and other info, go to www.deaf.ie. See left for a few highlights selected by The Slate's experts.

Who to see

PARADOX
GUINNESS STOREHOUSE
26 OCTOBER

Drum and bass appears to be repeating itself in a mundane way these days, but thankfully there's a mini counter-revolution within the scene. At its vanguard is Dev Paradox. His releases on his own Outsider label and a million other imprints capture the stance jungle/dnb aspired to in its intoxicated '93-'95 phase without resorting to parody or sentimental homage.

AKUFEN
GUINNESS STOREHOUSE
26 OCTOBER

Canadian Marc LeClair specialises in taking scrappy samples from the radio and slashing them into alien funky house grooves. He ripped through the dance community last year with his My Way album, and the people who didn't think he was a Herbert rip off warmed enthusiastically to the album. His loose, organic live gigs are great, and he put in a show-stopping appearance at this year's Sonar festival.

PAUL ST HILIARE WITH SCION
GUINNESS STOREHOUSE
26 OCTOBER

The links between dub reggae and minimal techno were fragile to say the least until Scion rolled up in the mid 90s. A series of brittle tech-dub outings were released, creating a strange but compulsive alliance between Jamaica, Germany and Detroit. Tonight, their skank-pulse show will feature one of dub's finest sing-jays, Paul St Hilaire (aka Tikiman) courtesy of Dublin's most dedicated reggae ambassadors Firehouse Skank.

DENNIS MCNULTY/DAVE LACEY/PITA/KEITH ROWE
THE SUGAR CLUB
22 OCTOBER

Ex-Decal man Dennis McNulty is probably still best-known for his former outfit, but that may soon change, as he's staked out an impressive claim for himself as a sound artist and electronic improvisor. Together with drummer Dave Lacey, he's recently been making challenging, and sometimes excellent, music. This gig finds the duo joined by fellow improvisors Pita (laptopist Peter Rehberg) and Keith Rowe (of avant-garde trio AMM).

Albums

THE STROKES
ROOM ON FIRE
ROUGH TRADE

Apparently The Strokes have spent the last two years eating hamburgers, taking drugs, and having their dicks sucked by braindead groupies. The time is therefore ripe to produce a flaccid, indulgent, shite follow up to the impressive Is This It. Surprisingly enough, Room on Fire narrowly misses that category. There is very little departure from the trusted retro formula, and for the most part it's an inferior impersonation of the debut album's livewire hooks and crafty production. However it has got slightly more subtlety than its predecessor and certain tracks - Under Control and Whatever Happened? in particular - scale the heights of yore with most of the rest falling into the 'worth a listen' category.

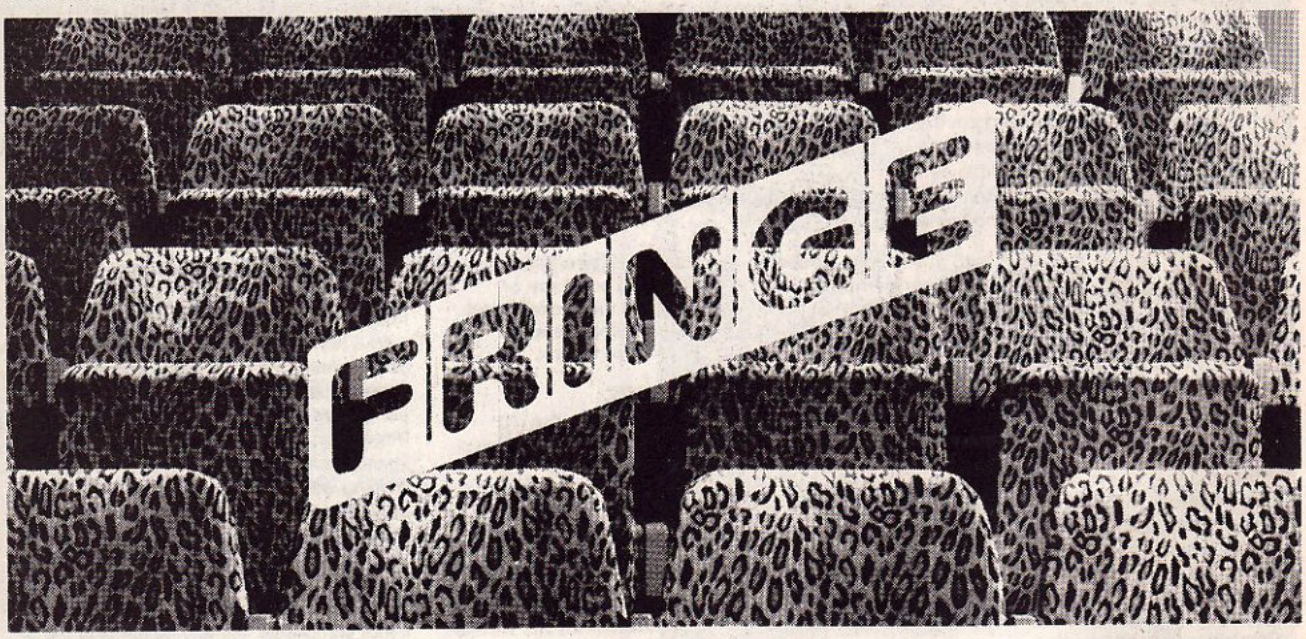
BASEMENT JAXX
KISH KASH
XL

You'd think that after spending two years working on their third album, UK dance pioneers Basement Jaxx could have come up with a less retarded-sounding title than Kish Kash. Or one that was nearer the mark, like Unfinished Demos. The album suffers badly from a lack of the kind of direct, strong ideas that made their 1999 debut Remedy so rampantly unstoppable. Faced with this problem, it looks like the two lads decided that if they threw enough shouting, guest stars and Turkish horns at the record, nobody would cop on. Unfortunately, it doesn't really come off, and the somewhat over-hyped Dizzee Rascal actually ruins forthcoming single Lucky Star. One advantage of this blatant over-production is the chance to marvel at how ferociously individual their sound has become. Only golden-era Prince and Funkadelic (two massive influences here) manage to catapult you into such a distinctive sonic ecosystem. Pity they didn't catapult a few basic proper tunes in there while they were at it.

Kish Kash - dressed up trash?

JAYLIB
CHAMPION SOUND
STONES THROW

Anybody who doesn't like this LP is a sack of shit and should be shot. It features two of hip hop's most interesting artists - Otis Jackson Jr, better known as Madlib / Quasimodo, and Jay Dilla of Slum Village fame - collaborating to great effect, with both taking turns to rap over each other's productions. Jackson is a much celebrated studio man, but he is a completely underrated MC, his mumbling, mad style works as well over Jay Dilla's spiky, messy productions as it does his own. Dilla's more conventional rapping is perhaps the weak link in the project, but there are enough moments of low-fi genius here to make the album work extremely well.



ESB Dublin Fringe Festival 2003

September 22 – October 11

Fringe Information & Box Office; 1850 FRINGE (1850 374 643)

11:00am – 6:00pm, Monday – Saturday, 12 East Essex St., Temple Bar, D2.

www.fringefest.com